

Extravagant by Pondermoniums

Series: [Harringrove Tumblr Drabbles \[2\]](#)

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Summary:

Billy didn't need to get his hair done. Meaning, he didn't need to go to any salon. He'd certainly had his fair share of people come to his workplace - never his home - to do anything he needed. Hair cuts, styling, manicures, chiropractor, etc. He was a man who only took house calls, so to speak.

But he goes to see Steve.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

- For [withoneheadlight](#).

Posted this on [Tumblr here](#) ~ but I can't be stopped so now it's here too.

It's based on [this post](#) by the beautiful @withoneheadlight 

Billy didn't need to get his hair done. Meaning, he didn't need to go to any salon. He'd certainly had his fair share of people come to his workplace - never his *home* - to do anything he needed. Hair cuts, styling, manicures, chiropractor, etc. He was a man who only took house calls, so to speak.

But he goes to see Steve.

He first saw the hair stylist lip-syncing into a comb through the windows of the salon and just couldn't help himself. Maybe the early winter evenings, the lack of sunlight, had finally gotten to his brain. Or it was the swooshy brunette hair moving like an 80s music video, only better.

The lady behind the payment counter laughed when he came in and explained, "He's good with kids."

Sure enough, a little tyke sat on the booster seat in the swivel chair while an exhausted and relieved mother massaged her heels in the waiting area.

Billy asked for a wash and cut that very moment. *Just a treat*, he told himself with some amusement. He leaned against the counter until the guy was done with the kid and extended his hand. "Billy."

Steve hesitated and rubbed his hands on his apron. He shook Billy's hand with, "Steve. Sorry, I've got little pieces of hair all over me. Do you wanna choose a sink and I'll be there in a minute?"

“Happy to,” Billy purred and sauntered to the back of the salon.

Beyond the partition, he heard Steve handle the mother’s payment, the crinkle of candy and the kid’s excitement. He made quick work sweeping up his station and then emerged with a smile. “Do you want to put your coat on your lap? Or I can put the towel over it.”

Billy liked that he didn’t offer to take his coat somewhere. A little background check later would reveal a last name Billy had seen on trophies in country club display cabinets. A relic of a name. But one that was familiar with people who took care of their possessions differently.

He draped his coat over his lap. Steve buttoned the towel around his shoulders.

“It’s getting close to dinner. Are you in a rush to be anywhere? Lean back for me.”

Billy let him position his head in the sink’s neck cradle before he replied, “Not at all. Take your time.”

“Is your hair treated at all?”

“Nothing chemical. I gave up perms long ago.”

Steve took that as the go-ahead to turn the nozzle on and tested the temperature while his other hand carefully moved through Billy’s long, wavy hair. Not quite straight. Not quite curly, though he knew when Steve found some ringlets since he slowed when they wrapped around his fingers. “I can tell. It’s soft. Let me know if you want it hotter or colder.”

Billy only hummed from deep in his chest. He liked being pampered, sue him.

You’d lose in court. But anyway.

He didn’t close his eyes that first time. He blinked against the tiny droplets arching over his face but he didn’t hold his eyes closed in the company of strangers.

Steve did a good job. Trimmed his ends and adjusted the hair that framed his face to fall more diagonally around him. Steve hummed to himself and didn't make too much small conversation. Admittedly, as a professional, that held his own weight in appeal. He also massaged Billy's head with the towel before blow-drying on a neutral setting.

"How's that? Is anything still wet? I don't want you getting sick."

Billy tested his scalp by raking a hand through it all and tossing it to one side. His hair shined, the shorter pieces curled tighter than the longer pieces, and he smelled... "What is that? The conditioner you used."

"It's actually a hair mask. It's meant to stay on longer, but I only do that if I'm bleaching somebody. It's argon oil and propolis honey."

"Propolis," Billy smirked. "Sounds extravagant."

"It's just a way for the brand to charge more," Steve laughed and unbuttoned the apron around him. "But it's supposedly the queen's honey, that she makes herself."

"Well, it smells good."

"Good! I'm glad you like it." He pointed into the waiting area, where one of the walls displayed shelves of hair products. "It's the brown jar on the shelf, if you wanted to get it for yourself."

Billy stood and strolled to the other side of the counter once more. "I think I'll just come back for your capable hands. Credit?"

Then, as the computer processed Billy's card, Steve offered him candy. He couldn't say when the last time he paid for something *himself* was, but he stopped musing over it to stare at the *Dum-Dums!* lollipop Steve offered. "I've got other flavors."

Billy smiled and said, "Do you have the blue ones?"

"You mean, the best ones?" Steve huffed and dug through the drawer. He lifted a blue-raspberry lollipop with relish.

Billy unwrapped it then and there, popping it into his mouth as he

chimed, "I'll be around, Steve."

"Thanks for coming in!"

And he *did* go in. Once a week. Usually just to have a wash and to see Steve. Eventually he got tired of the decor, and bought the place.

When he visited during the renovations, however, he didn't expect to see a new side of Steve. The place already had black granite floors instead of the old linoleum, but half of it was partitioned off with plastic sheets so the seated stations could be renovated in increments.

Steve looked tired. He looked stressed. His hair wasn't done. He looked like he'd just showered, blow-dried, and come to work. When the computer stalled - *replace that*, Billy noted - Steve aged a year as he breathed a bit shallowly.

"What's the matter?"

Steve shook his head. "Sorry. It's just. Just a long week. We're lucky to have new management and none of us got fired. But two of my kids are autistic. So it's-" he tipped his head at the timely shriek of a drill "-it's a lot."

Billy absorbed that and looked into Steve's face when he handed the card back. "Thanks again for coming in. Familiar faces are always nice to see."

Steve was good at putting kindness into his voice. But he looked asleep behind the eyes. Billy tallied up:

Fear of getting fired -> Money problems.

Kids -> high energy.

Autism -> special needs.

Steve -> high in demand.

"Have you ever done more personal work?" Billy withdrew one of the few business cards he kept in his wallet. He held it out until Steve held it in his own hand. Life flickered back into his eyes, even if it

was confusion.

“Um. No? What’s this?”

“The number will give you my secretary, but I’d like for you to - make house calls, let’s say. I don’t suppose there’s a salon equivalent for the phrase.”

Steve’s large eyes went larger as he peered between Billy and the card. “Uh. I’m flattered, but I can’t leave my shift to get across town.”

Billy enveloped his hand in both of his own when Steve tried to hand the card back. “Just think about it, Steve. Personal stylist. I’ll pay your rates.”

Billy quickly figured out that Steve had no idea what a personal hair stylist for one Billy Hargrove ought to get paid. He upped what Billy paid him at the salon by \$5.

So Billy tipped him. Extravagantly.

That’s where he really began to learn about Steve Harrington. Because no one ever argued with Billy Hargrove.

“I’m not taking three hundred dollars for a trim!” he all but hollered at the ceiling of Billy’s office. He’d dressed differently today. Must be Steve’s day off. Old, high-waisted jeans, and a polo underneath a sweater. Billy wondered what coat he wore before his secretary insisted on taking it. Maybe he should replace it with a better one, anyway. The nights were well below zero.

“Four, then? You washed it too.”

“I’m not using gold-flaked shampoo or caviar extract on your hair.” Steve fumed with his hands on his hips. “It’s bargain shampoo and over-priced conditioner...”

Billy stood up, and Steve stepped back. Billy wondered how much of his job Steve had pieced together for him to be jumpy, or maybe that was just Steve.

Billy stalked close, close enough to not have to lift his voice over the

distance of his desk or the room. "I pay what you're worth. I won't let just anybody put bargain shampoo on my head."

The corner of Steve's cupid's bow twitched. Still fuming, but Billy didn't lose. "My kids are better with money than you."

Billy smiled. He liked Steve a whole lot.

And Billy learned. Learned how Steve thought double rye whiskeys were luxury and giggled at the notion of absinthe. How he recognized a Cuban cigar when he smelled one and

And

Kept a nailed bat in his apartment.

Billy intruded. He swept right over professional lines and long, friendly conversations. He showed up at Steve's apartment with blood in his hair.

Steve slowly lowered the bat from where he stood inside his apartment, staring at Billy in his doorway. Where Billy was probably leaving a bloody hand print on the painted wood and murmured, "I need you to cut my hair."

He meant for it to be funny. He had a terrible sense of humor. Even Steve had told him that, once.

But Steve didn't flinch. His voice went softer than Billy had ever heard it. "I can wash it. I can - "

Billy stood off the doorjamb and into his space. "Please cut my hair, Steve."

He did, as much as he could with Billy doubled over the kitchen sink. Billy knew the blood went to his scalp when Steve left and returned with electric clippers. Billy didn't stop him. He stayed hunched over the counter and let Steve cut the top to a length not unlike his own, but moved the clippers over his ears and behind his head.

The clippers turning off was loud in the 2am silence. Steve pointed across the studio floor plan. "You can use my shower."

Steve kept his place clean. Billy could see that from how he managed his salon station, respected Billy's office, and now in his apartment. Steve worked on cleaning up the hair while Billy twisted the shower handle on. He waited until afterward to look at his hair. He found a handheld mirror under the sink to get a look at the back.

Steve did a great job. He trimmed the back so the hair grew out of a stylish V shape, and the front looked professional. Editorial chic.

A soft knock turned his head toward the door. Billy opened it to see the small bundle of clothes in Steve's hand.

Steve gave him clothes.

Steve didn't call the police.

Not like it really mattered. It'd be a PR nightmare. Maybe a couple months of jail time just for paperworks' sake.

But.

"These should fit. And don't sass me about sleeping naked - "

Billy walked into his space and plunged his fingers into Steve's soft, soft hair, cradling his head while he *ached* in his belly and moaned painfully against Steve's lips.

Steve's soft lips, and the little mewls that came out of them. Billy swallowed them up, ravenous. His hands moved through Steve's hair, petting the back of his head and nape like he'd been wanting to do for *weeks*.

Billy most certainly did sleep naked.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

[Part 2's post is here ~](#)

“Mr. Harrington? He’s ready for you.”

Steve startled a little in the waiting room chair. “Okay, thanks,” he said, reaching for his bag. Unzipping it, he rummaged through his traveler’s cases of shears, combs, disinfecting sprays, brushes, and his travel mirror. Everything was in order, even after the building’s security team went through it.

Steve hadn’t seen Billy Hargrove in a month. Maybe more, he lost track. The salon finished renovations, finally, and he threw himself into his work to forget the sickening anxiety of a police cruiser showing up at any moment to take him in for questioning.

What is your involvement with William Hargrove?

Why do you visit his work?

Why did he visit your home on the night of the seventeenth?

Why are there remnants of his hair and someone else’s blood in your apartment?

But no one came. No one asked questions. Billy’s weekly visits to the salon ground to a halt and Steve only just this morning answered a call from the familiar secretary.

She showed him into Billy’s expansive office. More like a suite. Steve didn’t know if he lived here. He probably could; Steve had washed his hair in a bathroom too luxurious for an office.

The office looked different today. A small conference table had replaced the sitting area in the middle of the room while Billy’s large desk sat on the far end, parallel with the wall of windows. Papers and files littered the table. Billy perked up when Steve appeared in the doorway.

“Steve, good morning.”

“Hi,” he tried to reply with the same balance of neutrality and pleasantries. It wasn’t easy when the apex of his legs ached with a sore spike of pleasure in his muscle memory. The last he’d seen Billy, Steve had just cut a fade around the man’s skull and left the top a chic, loose length for business.

The length had grown long enough for Billy to have a tiny bun on the back of his head. It looked cute. It looked ridiculous. Steve swallowed thickly and held his bag in front of his pelvis.

Billy thanked his secretary and showed Steve into the en suite bathroom. Per usual. A chair had already been placed in front of the pale granite vanity, in which Billy took his customary place. Steve hung his bag on his arm while he opened the tall cupboard off to the side and shook out the cape from it.

“I didn’t mean for it to get this long, but I think I’m inspired.”

Steve threw the cape up and let it drift over Billy’s front as he snapped it behind his nape. “It’s okay. Are you growing all of it out?”

He put his bag on the counter. He set out his customary tools, returning to the cabinet for the spray bottle and electric clippers as Billy replied, “Just a trim and a refresh on the fade.”

“Long on top, short wrap,” Steve reiterated for his own focus. “Do you want a wash first?”

Billy had an elbow on the arm rest, his thumb worrying the stubble on his chin before he waved the offer aside. “I’ll shower after.”

Steve washed his hands and went about carefully removing the tiny rubber band from Billy’s hair. He mussed it loose and informed, “Rubber bands aren’t great for hair. I can get you better options.”

“Scrunchies?” Billy said, but Steve couldn’t tell if he was teasing or serious.

He met Billy’s gaze in the mirror’s reflection with lifted brows. “Do

you *want* scrunchies?”

The latter chuckled, closing his eyes for Steve to wield the spray bottle. “Maybe when it’s longer.”

Steve moved the comb mindfully through the strands and the tighter curls on the ends while spraying him down. There wasn’t much to work with since Billy had asked Steve to dock his long mass of hair. It had felt a bit sacrilegious, like shaving a lion.

Except Billy was beautiful either way. He pliantly let Steve tilt his head this way and that, bend his ears down for the clippers, and touching his chin to his chest for Steve to work on cleaning up the V formation on the back of his head. Steve’s palm cradled Billy’s forehead, easing his head back up so he could examine Billy’s hair in the mirror.

He swallowed again when he realized clear blue eyes watched him. Steve reached toward the counter for the buffing brush and swatted away the little pieces of hair on Billy’s neck. Not that it mattered, if Billy intended to take a shower,

But.

Steve had run out of things to do. “I think you’re done.”

“Thank you, Steve,” he said as the cape slithered off his crossed knees.

“Sure.” He went about shaking out a small towel from Billy’s collection, laying out the clipper guards, combs, and shears he’d used so he could spray them with disinfectant. Apart from the one occasion, Billy was an easy client, so it was easy to clean up afterward.

Steve put his things back in his bag while Billy rummaged in the walk-in closet. His secretary handled payment, so...

Steve wavered just outside the bathroom, unsure whether to say goodbye or just leave. He didn’t know where he and Billy stood, after...

After Billy let him into his little criminal underworld. Just a little.

After Billy stayed the night in Steve's humble little apartment and made Steve feel anything but humble. Had left Steve high as the stars and drifting for a month, heady and sweet until he needed a place to land -

"Steve, come here."

He didn't know if Billy heard him pathetically pacing between the office door and the bathroom or if he needed to talk about canceling this whole personal salon thing after -

Billy stepped into view in his slacks, but his torso stood bare apart from a towel around his neck. Steve had but a second for his throat to go dry before Billy's hands caught his nape.

Somehow

Steve had forgotten how soft his lips were. The tingles of fingers pushing through the hair at the base of his skull darted to his groin and ping-ponged back up to Steve's chest. A clumsy sound escaped him as one kiss easily fell into two, Billy softly, ravenously plundering his mouth. Filling Steve's head with syrupy clouds of lust. His hands found the towel on Billy's chest -

"Have you been all right?"

Steve blinked drunkenly between the frame of Billy's thumbs on his cheeks. "Huh?"

Billy kissed him again, and that was fine by Steve -

"Safe." Kiss. "Happy." Kiss. "Comfortable."

"Are we kissing or talking?" Steve blurted a little frustratedly.

Billy chuckled, barely separating them as he pulled Steve with him until his rear met the side of the vanity. Steve hummed again into his mouth, wanting, craving, slaking his desire for Billy's taste, the smell that had tormented his brain for a month because *Billy* soaked his sheets -

“Take a shower with me.”

“Mhmm,” Steve answered in their kiss, before Billy’s hand gripped him through his khakis. He gasped and spasmed, his swollen lips grimacing through a quiet whine. It melted into a moan as Billy left a trail of kisses across Steve’s cheek to his jaw, cupping and stroking through the fabric.

“Shower,” he swallowed. “Shower, okay.”

“Good boy,” Billy purred into his neck.

Steve thought his eyes might’ve rolled inside his skull if he hadn’t felt inclined to huff, “Don’t say that.”

Billy laughed again, beginning to draw them toward the large shower cubicle. “I know very well obedience isn’t your thing.”

“Why didn’t you visit for a month?” Steve couldn’t stop himself. Even as Billy worked his pants off and the conversation paused for his shirt to get yanked over his head.

“I was busy.”

“Busy,” he grumbled inside the shirt before his hair ballooned out of it.

“Making sure you were safe. I had a lot to clean up. Still do.”

“So I’m still just a spontaneous walk-in?”

Billy looped his towel around Steve’s shoulders to reel him toward the shower until he threw the towel away. “I don’t let just anyone into my shower, Steve.”

“Yeah, because you’re - mhmm...”

Billy pressed him against the wall of the shower, kissing his mouth, his ears, his throat. “I’m what?”

“High maintenance with low standards,” Steve croaked.

“My standards are extremely high,” he purred, satisfaction dripping through his voice as he watched the wanton grimace on Steve’s face as he stroked his cock. “I’m going to take you now, and then we’re going out to dinner, and then I’ll have you again in bed. Mine, this time.”

Steve held onto his work while Billy - potentially the most dangerous man in town - got on his knees.

Author's Note:

[My harringrove Tumblr~](#)

[My main Tumblr~](#)